

HUSBAND HAD RIGHT TO KILL, JURY CLAIMS

JURY CLAIMS

Woman Describes Aviator's Actions During Judge Day's Absence

SEVERAL SENSATIONS

Slain Aviator's Son Curses When He Hears Result of Inquest

BY JACK CARBERRY
International News Service
OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., April 8.

Mrs. Day, her cheeks pale, the red of her beauty turned white, whispered the words as the jury which sat in inquest over the body of Lieut. Col.

It was the "code of Oklahoma" justified.

"We, the jury, find that Col. Paul Ward Beck came to his death by a bullet fired from a revolver in the hands of J. Lee D. Day, and one further

The verdict was returned after an hour's deliberation, following six hours of testimony, during which three thousand men and women—the uniformed comrades of Beck, the St.

SON WILL FIGHT
But echoing the sentiments of the

dead air man's comrades spoke. Lieut. Paul Ward Beck, Jr., son of the slain man.

With a ripping oath on his lips, he cried:

"Damn the hand picked jury," but we're not through yet. They have

The inquest was probably the most dramatic court scene in the annals of Oklahoma courts—Ardmore no.

Two hours before the opening of the inquest, the court house—its rooms, its halls, stairways and even the walks

Police battled with drawn clubs to clear aisles up the three flights of stairs for witnesses.

ORDER IS RESTORED
Two women fainted.

When the court was brought to order, one woman tittered. The judge immediately called order and then a snicker rose from the spectators. "Clear out with that," the judge said and sent a bailiff into an anteroom to call the entire sheriff's force.

to quell and clear the courtroom if such practice was continued. Order was restored.

It was necessary for members of the military court of inquiry to scale a fire escape to gain admittance to the court room.

Women grew hysterical during the long hours when the 12 witnesses told their story, the tale of "men's right to protect home—Oklahoma's code."

INQUEST DRAMATIC

The inquest was dramatic through-

Framed in the gray-walled courtroom, from which numbers of judges have read the law, written by Judge Day in the statutes of the state—the code of which Judge Day, during his term on the supreme bench, was the

Hughes had built up his case about a theory. "Day," Hughes had said in a sign-

ed statement, "because he saw Beck—his dearest friend, trusted as though he were a brother—seeking to embrace his wife, but because—of something which swept him off his feet—which drove him in burning rage to kill."

"And you Forrest," Day answered from the witness stand, "in that statement have cast insinuations upon my wife — noblest, sweetest, purest woman, who ever lived."

TEARS IN HIS EYES
Tears welled in the eyes of the

former jurist.
"Oh, Forrest, how could you—how could you?" he asked.
With arms outstretched toward the prosecuting attorney, Day continued: "Have you been fair, Forrest, my boy? Think, have you been fair?"

"I do not object to the many things you have said about me—that does not matter. But, Forest dear, you have attacked the character of my wife."

Hughes' voice choked.

"Judge Day, I do not think you are

fair yourself," the prosecutor replied. "Remember I am trying to do my duty. You and I have been friends. Because I have been fair, I have not preferred charges against you—I have awaited this inquest in the hope that

(Continued on Page Two.)

1000